

EXHIBIT B

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

In re Terrorist Attacks on September 11, 2001

03-md-1570
(GBD)(SN)

This document relates to:

Cheryl Rivelli, et al v. Islamic Republic of Iran (1:18-cv-11878) (GBD) (SN)

DECLARATION OF FAMILIAL RELATIONSHIP

I, Christopher Michael Ruggieri, declare under penalty of perjury, as provided for by 28 U.S.C. § 1746, that the following statements are true and correct:

1. My name Christopher Michael Ruggieri, and I am the stepson of Joseph Rivelli, Jr., who died on September 11, 2001 when the World Trade Center collapsed. I submit this Declaration for the purpose of demonstrating that Joseph Rivelli, Jr., was the functional equivalent of my father.

2. While I am not Joseph Rivelli, Jr.'s biological son, for the reasons set forth below, I should be deemed the functional equivalent.

3. My parents separated when I was very young in 1992. I was 2 years old at the time and was living with my sister and my mother. In 1995, my mother divorced my biological father. My mother was awarded sole custody of my sister and me.

4. In 1992, Joseph Rivelli, Jr., my stepdad, came into my life when he started dating my mother, Cheryl Rivelli. He worked as a firefighter with Ladder Co. 25 in Manhattan. *See Exhibit 1.* I was 2 years old at the time. After they started dating, my stepdad started staying with us and would later move in with us.

5. When my stepdad started dating my mother, our families immediately became very close as my stepdad and my mother had family in common by marriage.

6. In 1994, my mother and stepdad purchased our family home in Inwood, New York. My stepdad was already staying with us before purchasing the home as it was already our family home.

7. On October 10, 1997, my stepdad and my mother were married. He was 39 years old at the time. After they were married, we officially became a family. *See Exhibit 2.* However, we were a family long before they were married as we had been living with my stepdad for years and I had long considered him my father.

8. Even though I did have a relationship with my biological father, I also always considered my stepdad as a real father in my life and the one I truly counted on. As early as I can remember, my stepdad has always been there for me. I do not have any memories without him before his passing.

9. As a firefighter, my stepdad worked hard to provide for my mother, me, and my sister. He was the financial support in my family, particularly since we rarely received child support from my biological father.

10. In addition to his financial support, he treated me like his son, emotionally and socially to everyone he came across. My stepdad had no biological or adopted children of his own. He would give me advice (and, of course, discipline) like any loving father and as to the outside world, there was no question that "I was his son". We respected him as our dad. In fact, I never heard him refer to me as his stepson or my sister as his stepdaughter. He only referred to us as his children. And after he passed away on 9/11, it was special and comforting to hear stories from his friends that he always referred to us as his children and that he was so proud

of us. In fact, the media coverage regarding my stepdad's death shows that he referred to us as his children. *See Exhibit 3.*

11. He taught me how to ride a bike. He would do the school shopping with my mom and us before the start of every school year. He read to us at bedtime. He was my football coach since I started playing football at age 6 and went to both of our sporting practices and our games. He was always there cheering me on. He was still my football coach when he passed away. Other favorite memories include visiting him at the firehouse where he would let me sit in the firetruck, our yearly vacations to Jamaica in the Spring, bi-yearly vacations to the Poconos in the Winter and Summer, and our frequent trips to Lake George. Overall, he was always very active in our lives. I never considered him someone other than my dad. I went to him if I ever had a problem or needed advice. *See Exhibit 4.*

12. On September 11, 2001, our family was forever changed.

13. I was 10 years old and living in our Inwood home with my stepdad and my family on September 11, 2001.

14. On that fateful day, I was at school on my way to lunch and stopped by to say hi to my mother who also worked at the school. When I walked into her office, she was in tears after witnessing the second tower collapse on the TV. She later explained that earlier in the morning she had spoken with my stepdad as he was getting ready to leave to go to the World Trade Center. She had sensed tensions were high at the firehouse, but he assured her he would be ok. When we got home, we waited for word regarding my stepdad along with family and friends. But no one ever came or called with news. It was a hard reality to face. His firefighter family and our family rallied around us and supported us during this difficult time and continue to check in on us.

15. In November, my sister would speak at his memorial service about what our stepdad meant to us. After the memorial service, I also remember the day vividly around the New Year when they told us they had found his body. A FDNY vehicle was waiting outside our house and they confirmed the news we all feared but knew was coming. He was found outside the South tower along with a civilian he was trying to rescue. To this day, I miss having his fatherly voice and know that it would have guided me through my childhood and now. But instead at the age of 11, with his passing, I had to step up and be the man of the house as much as I could at that young age. The patriarch of our family was gone and we've had to live on without him ever since.

16. In sum, Joseph Rivelli, Jr., my stepdad, was very much a father in my life and we considered each other to be father and son in every way as did everyone that knew us.

17. He was in my life for 9 of my 10 years on this earth when he passed away and I continue to miss him with fond memories. *See Exhibit 5.*

[intentionally left blank]

Executed on: 12/30/19

Name (Signature): Christopher Ruggieri

Name (Print): CHRISTOPHER RUGGIERI

EXHIBIT 1





EXHIBIT 2







EXHIBIT 3

SAYING GOODBYE



MOURNING Widow Cheryl Rivelli attends memorial service for husband, Firefighter Joseph Rivelli, with their son, Christopher, 12, and daughter Phylcia, 15, yesterday at Our Lady of Good Counsel Church in Inwood, L.I.

Family, friends & Rudy hail fireman's courage, humor

By BRIAN HARMON
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITER

He protected his family. He saved lives. And he made people laugh.

Fallen city firefighter Joseph Rivelli, 43, held these virtues close to his heart. Through them, friends said, he brightened the lives of all he touched.

So it seemed to be no coincidence yesterday that the dark clouds over Inwood, L.I., gave way to another sunny fall day just as Rivelli's friends and family packed into Our Lady of Good Counsel Church to honor his memory. Rivelli died in the Sept. 11 terror attack on the World Trade Center.

"There wasn't a single time when I was feeling down that seeing Joe didn't make me feel better," said Rivelli's longtime friend Anthony Portello.

Mayor Giuliani, delivering the eulogy at the memorial service, said, "There are a lot of people who will be very thankful this Thanksgiving... that their lives were saved. And they'll be grateful to Joe Rivelli."

Earlier, Rivelli's 15-year-old daughter, Phylcia, fought back tears and sobs to joke about her dad's overprotective nature.

"He would always tell me that he was going to escort me on all

of my dates... that guys were only out for one thing," Phylcia said. "And then I would say to him: 'Why, Joe? Were you like that?'"

Phylcia's story caused the subdued crowd to erupt in laughter.

Rivelli, a firefighter since 1984, was last seen during the twin towers rescue effort entering an elevator. Within moments, the tower started to crumble. His body remains missing. Friends recalled the devoted firefighter as a licensed pilot, a self-taught computer expert, a youth league football coach and a highly competitive Monopoly player.

"I think Joe really believed he owned B&O Railroad," said fellow firefighter Ray Herbst. Laughs again filled the church

when Herbst spoke of sitting in the cockpit of a plane with Rivelli as the pilot.

"We were taking off... and he was fumbling through a bag on his lap," Herbst said. "I asked what he was doing. He told me 'I'm looking for my glasses.'"

Outside the church after the service, Rivelli's wife, Cheryl, daughter and 12-year-old son, Christopher, stood close together as the Fire Department's bagpipe band played "Minstrel Boy," followed by a trumpeter playing taps and the release of seven white doves.

Help mourn city's fallen WTC heroes

The Fire and Police departments are asking the public to attend funerals and memorial services for firefighters and cops who died in the World Trade Center attack.

In normal times, thousands of firefighters and cops turn out for every colleague's funeral. But the sheer number of services and the continuing recovery effort at the twin towers site have made that impossible. Some upcoming services:

■ A memorial service will be held today for Chief Ryan Matthews of Battalion 1. It begins at 11 a.m. at Maria Regina Church, 3945 Jerusalem Ave., Seaford, L.I.

■ A memorial service will be held Nov. 24 for Firefighter Michael Lynch of Ladder Co. 4. It begins at 9:30

a.m. at Notre Dame Catholic Church, 45 Mayfair Road, New Hyde Park, L.I.

■ A memorial service will be held Nov. 26 for Firefighter Dennis Scasuso of Max-Mat Co. 1. It begins at 11 a.m. at St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, 175 Wolf Hill Road, Melville, L.I.

■ A memorial service will be held Nov. 28 for Firefighter Robert Evans of Engine Co. 33. It begins at noon at St. Catherine of Siena Catholic Church, 33 New Hyde Park Road, Franklin Square, L.I.

■ A memorial service will be held Nov. 29 for Firefighter Patrick Byrne of Ladder Co. 101. It begins at 11 a.m. at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, 6135 Arroyo Road, S.I.

Twin towers toll drops below 4,000

By ALICE McQUILLAN
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITER

The number of people believed killed in the World Trade Center attacks has fallen below 4,000, officials announced yesterday.

Figures released by the police and medical examiner's office put the official count at 3,848, which includes those confirmed dead as well as those missing and presumed killed.

This total is the lowest since the Sept. 11 attacks and represents the latest drop in a death toll once feared to be as high as 10,000.

Through winnowing duplications and correcting errors, the number of names on the list has steadily dropped from the initial total of 16,000.

As of yesterday, 673 bodies had been identified and 3,275 people were listed as missing, police said.

Police Chief Charles Campisi, who is overseeing the count, cautioned that the list is "fluid."

"We are being very meticulous, because this is a permanent record, a historical record of one of the darkest days in American history," said Campisi, chief of Internal Affairs.

For example, as recently as yesterday, his investigators discovered that some foreigners thought to be missing are alive overseas. Also yesterday, cops cleared up a duplicate report for a woman on one of the hijacked planes who was listed under both her married and maiden names.

Discrepancy in tolls

Campisi said the latest total includes those who died aboard the two hijacked planes and all who were trapped inside and around the twin towers.

The total also includes a higher toll for identified bodies than the medical examiner's figure of 428. The discrepancy lies in different identification methods, Campisi said.

The coroner's figure includes only those bodies or body parts identified forensically, either by DNA matches or dental records, and cases in which the victim's family is notified.

The other, higher number includes identifications that weren't made scientifically — for example, matches made through an article of clothing or wallet found with the body part.

Officials expect the two totals eventually to merge as DNA and other scientific tests continue. There are about 9,000 body parts still awaiting forensic testing and identification, said Ellen Bonakove, the spokeswoman for the medical examiner's office.

Campisi has about 35 investigators working on the list, down from about 100 in the days after the attacks.

The New York Times

PORTRAITS OF GRIEF: THE VICTIMS

PORTRAITS OF GRIEF: THE VICTIMS; Car Aficionado, Family Devotee, Feisty 5-Footer, Cuban Émigré

These sketches were written by Jan Hoffman and Tina Kelley

July 28, 2002

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Here are glimpses of some of the victims of the Sept. 11 attack on the World Trade Center.

RONALD HOERNER

A Dream Fulfilled

"He always wanted to be a police officer," Marie Hoerner said of her son, Ronald. "That started because we had a neighbor and he was a policeman, and Ronald thought that was the greatest. And when Mr. Higgins, the policeman, a sergeant, gave Ronald a cap, he wouldn't part with it. He wanted to be a policeman. So he followed his dream."

Mr. Hoerner, 58, was an officer for 27 years, retiring from the New York State Police to work at Summit Security in the World Trade Center, where he was a resident manager. He and his wife, Barbara, had been married only 8 months, his mother said by telephone from Florida. And his father, Robert, recalled that he was crazy about watching car races, making plans months and years ahead of time to go to Indianapolis or Daytona Beach. He kept his red Datsun two-seater in mint condition.

"He used to take it out maybe once or twice a month, just to keep it in shape," Mr. Hoerner said. "That car shone."

"His birthday was Aug. 30," Mrs. Hoerner said, "and for 20 years we never missed a birthday without being up there." He was the Hoerners' only child. Mr. Hoerner is 88; Mrs. Hoerner turned 84 on Sept. 11.

CHRISTOPHER M. GRADY

Compassionate Laughter

Christopher M. Grady's laugh was a full-body production, a gut-wriggling giggle so convulsive that he almost couldn't breathe. So he'd grab his belly, and his head would fling back, nose scrunched, feet flailing. Soon, everyone else in the room was laughing, too.

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He drew people in, did Mr. Grady, 39, a broker at Cantor Fitzgerald, with his laughter, his boyish high spirits -- he'd hide the wallet of a colleague who left work early; would camp out in his van for a coveted tee-off time -- and his humble but unshakable loyalty to loved ones. Mr. Grady, who had recently moved with his wife, Kelly, and their two young children to Cranford, N.J., thought of himself as quiet, even shy.

Mr. Grady wasn't fancy: shrimp cocktail and a rib-eye steak, Mets and Jets (though he pitched a batting practice for the Yankees), friends and family. But he had a gentle sense of grace. Once, when a distant, elderly relative suffering from Alzheimer's became agitated and started speaking in her native Spanish, Mr. Grady, who didn't understand the language, sat with her, smiling and nodding sympathetically, until she calmed down. "He was so good to other people," said Mrs. Grady. "I am so proud he chose me as his wife."

JOSEPH RIVELLI JR.

Writer of Sweetie-Pie Notes

He was a charm king, that Joe Rivelli. Confident and comfortable in his own skin, quick with a withering quip, faster still to a fire, the first to volunteer his fists to defend his buddy Tony Portela in a Houlihan's scuffle and, for years, the kind of magnet that too many women tried in vain to stick to.

He had a restless intelligence: taught himself to build computers, started on a stockbroker's license, stayed glued to the History Channel on days off from Ladder 25 in Manhattan, was closing in on a pilot's license.

So who knew, when Firefighter Rivelli finally married at 39, that he was secretly a sentimentalist, waiting to be discovered?

Always close to his parents and three siblings, he now left sweetie-pie notes for his wife, Cheryl, under the pillow, and would call her at their home in Upper Manhattan after big fires, even at 3 a.m., just to hear her voice. Her children from a first marriage, Phylicia and Christopher, whom he introduced as his daughter and son, would find his notes in their school lunch bags. At 44, he was still Joe -- still sarcastic, still blunt. Only now, he was openly grateful.

JOHN CROWE

Athlete Who Feared Heights

John Crowe made friends the way he played sports: for keeps.

"We were still friends with people he went to grammar school with," said his wife, Pam. "He has friends from his first job that we still see. Clients that are no longer his clients that he still saw for dinner or lunch. He went on golf outings with former clients. His entire life has somehow been intertwined with friendship."

That extended to his relationship with his two sons, now 29 and 26. "They also became his friends," said Mrs. Crowe, a manager at a law firm. "They would golf together and kayak together."

Mr. Crowe, 57, a benefits consultant for Aon Corporation in the World Trade Center who lived in Rutherford, N.J., was such an eager athlete he sometimes pushed his body further than it could go.

"He played softball till he had so many injuries I begged him to quit," his wife said. "He broke a finger, he did something to an ankle, severed a tendon on his 50th birthday playing basketball."

Mr. Crowe did have one fear, though: heights. "You couldn't get him on a ladder," Pam Crowe said. "But he felt perfectly safe on the 101st floor. He'd call once in a while and ask what the weather was like and I'd get annoyed and say, 'Look out the window.' He'd say: 'I can't see. I'm above the clouds.' "

VIJAYASHANKER PARAMSOTHY

Daily Caller to Malaysia

Vijayashanker Paramsothy, known to one and all as Vijay, had been just about everywhere in his 23 years. He was born in Petaling Jaya, Malaysia; he had visited friends in Turkey, Switzerland, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Japan, Germany and England.

On Sept. 8, 2001, he attended a wedding in Spain. "He was looking very elegant that day," the bride, Ana Oliver, wrote to Mr. Paramsothy's father. "He made lots of new friends." But he loved New York, and he came back Sept. 10, in time to return to his job the next day as a financial analyst for Aon Corporation in the World Trade Center

Though he lived half a world from home, in Astoria, Queens, he called his parents in Malaysia every day and visited them when he could.

"He was a great companion to me," said his father, Paramsothy Sivapakiam. "We were on the same level. We would drink together. We liked to play jokes on each other. When he got a movie camera, he said, 'The first thing my father will do is take pictures of me in the toilet.' "

The son lived through a close call in the World Trade Center in 2000. He was in an elevator that overshot its highest floor, hit a ceiling and then fell 15 feet. His back was injured, and he spent four months in a cast.

Five days before Mr. Paramsothy died, his father had a heart scare in Malaysia. "A palpitation, 199 beats a minute," Mr. Sivapakiam said. "But I survived. If only I had died he would have come home and he would still be alive."

EDWARD PULLIS

Fan of Tropical Fish

Before Edward Pullis started a family, he was devoted to his tropical fish. "Yellow and red and blue," his wife, Melissa, said. "He loved his big fish tank."

But once the children came along -- two sons and a daughter -- Mr. Pullis, 34, a consulting broker for Aon Corporation, shifted his focus. "He played with the kids," Mrs. Pullis said. "He liked to take them out to dinner, to the movies. He just loved to spend time with them."

The Pullises, who met in the Brooklyn of their youth, first moved to Staten Island. Then, in 2000, they bought a center-hall Colonial in New Jersey, in Hazlet, near Middletown. "I knew it was a nice town," Mrs. Pullis said. "Good schools for the kids, room enough for everybody. This was it."

Together, husband and wife designed a dream kitchen. Mr. Pullis gutted the old one and installed the new one.

In December, three months after the World Trade Center fell, Melissa Pullis received a letter. Her husband's black leather wallet had been recovered, in good condition. But all that was inside it was his car registration.

"No driver's license, no ID, no money," she said. "His wallet was full of stuff and somebody ransacked it. I don't understand why."

LUCILLE T. KING

Faithful to Her Favorites

During baseball season, Lucille T. King always bet against the man she loved and put her money on the team she cherished. She took her beloved Yankees; her husband, Richard, went with whatever team was playing the role of hated opponent. The wager was always the same: 25 cents.

More often than not she won.

Mrs. King knew what she liked, and she stuck with it. She and Richie lived in the same apartment in Ridgewood, Queens, for the entire 31 years they were married. Every Sunday morning at 8 she drove to Lower Manhattan to see her parents and spend the day cooking. Every year she and Richie went to the same place for vacation, Wolff's Maple Breeze Resort in the Catskills.

You could call it habit, but mostly it was a stubborn streak of dependability that guided Mrs. King, who was 59. She always took care of someone else, whether it was her husband, her parents, her nephews and nieces or the executives she worked for as a secretary at Aon Corporation.

"Lu always made you feel that she knew the things that really were important to you," said James Siegler, who worked with Mrs. King for four years. After he left for another company he continued to do business with Mrs. King on the phone. He said she always asked about his family and said, "Kiss the baby for me."

Mrs. King was only 5 feet tall and she weighed no more than 100 pounds, but her niece, Kathleen Murray, said she was "a spitfire," filled with energy that she often devoted to others. When Ms. Murray was ill for a month last August, her aunt called at 3 p.m. every day to see how she was.

"The call might only last a few seconds, but she would call every single day," Miss Murray said. "It'd be 3 o'clock and I just knew it was Aunt Lu."

RUBEN CORREA

Happy in His Home

He would start in at 10 in the morning, pestering the men of Engine Company 74 on the Upper West Side for a chance to rule the kitchen for a day. "How 'bout I make some fat boys tonight?" Ruben Correa would say, promising steak-and-cheese hoagies that would make them cry for more. The other firemen say that when they sat down to eat, Firefighter Correa, 44, always watched them dig in before taking his first bite, making sure they liked what he had cooked.

The only place that the big former marine liked more than his firehouse was his home. He scrimped and saved and even sold his car to come up with enough money to move his wife, Susan, and their three girls into their own house in Staten Island two years ago. It made for a long commute to the Upper West Side, but it meant the girls could leave their bicycles in the driveway.

After years of unmerciful badgering by his colleagues, Firefighter Correa agreed a few years ago to become catcher for the firehouse's softball team. He was called Yogi, and like the Yankee great, he saw the game as "90 percent mental, the other half physical." He had an arm like a wrecking ball, powerful yet unpredictable. But he played like a marine, with guts and grit.

"Ruben's greatest fault," said Daniel Murphy, a fellow firefighter who has been the Correa family's liaison with the Fire Department since Sept. 11, "was that he never learned to take the first pitch."

KEVIN D. MARLO

Acting, With Feeling

When he was a teenager, Kevin D. Marlo and some of his friends tried to remove a television set from a Kmart in Pennsylvania without paying for it. That was a mistake, he discovered when the police and his mother got involved. "I told the officer to fine him the maximum so he would learn a lesson," said his mother, Barbara Meyer. And it seemed to work; he never tried to take another TV.

But he remained attracted to the small screen, and the big one. Even as an associate director of equity sales and trading at Sandler O'Neill, which he joined straight out of the University of Pittsburgh, Mr. Marlo, 28, took acting lessons. He was filmed on "The Tonight Show" and appeared as an extra in Woody Allen's movie "Celebrity," said his father, Dennis Marlo. Last September, he finished shooting an episode for a dating show that included scenes outside his office at the World Trade Center.

Still, he was not acting when he told his mother, who was embarrassed to call him at the office, that she was more important than his job. Or when he encouraged his older sister, Christine, to finish college. Or when he formed the knot of friends that stayed with him for years. "He was such a good person, and he would do anything for people he loved," said his girlfriend, Cindy Schwartz. She once told him over the phone that she wasn't feeling well, and he turned up at her door with an assortment of medicines. It was 3 a.m.

THOMAS G. SCHOALES

Competitive Baby Brother

Tommy Schoales landed at Engine Company 83 in the Bronx as a novice firefighter. A low-key one, too, everybody thought. That was before they experienced his competitive streak. He'd dash into the fire truck when the alarm rang because there was a prize: controlling the hose at the fire. "Here, if you get to the back step first, you take the nozzle," said Michael Scanlon, who worked alongside him. "And it was hard to beat him to the back step. He was always there."

He fought flames in the tenements of Mott Haven and responded to alarms from Randalls Island. He bunked in Stony Point, N.Y., with a battalion chief -- his father, Edward. To his five siblings, he was the much-loved baby brother who danced at their weddings and treated their children to the batting cage. And to the older firefighters he was the kid who worked hard and came up with well-timed pranks, like balancing water balloons in the rafters so that a fire engine backing in would dislodge them, spraying everyone around.

After that first year, he was assigned to Engine Company 4, at the southern tip of Manhattan. But his heart remained with Engine 83, said his brother Eddie. He went to their picnics and played on their basketball team. At 27, he had found the firehouse where he wanted to stay. "He fit the typical mold of a good fireman," Firefighter Scanlon said. "He was looking forward to coming back."

NIURKA DAVILA

Liked Routine, and Change

She was a joyful person, Niurka Davila, an exotic element dressing up the bureaucracy inside the Port Authority's data-control division at the World Trade Center's north tower. She talked and laughed and made herself memorable to colleagues who became her friends for life.

She loved her routines -- breakfast every day in the Port Authority's 70th-floor lounge with her friends Jackie Willins and Myrna Maldonado, followed by lunch and then another break, at 2:30, for coffee -- and she also had her eye on changes. She was taking courses at Audrey Cohen College that she treated very seriously, Ms. Willins said. When her friend Emma Eng announced that her daughter would be getting married, Ms. Davila, 47, asked not to be invited. "I have a lot of studying to do," she explained.

Ms. Davila, who was born in Cuba, criticized her own English, although everyone told her it was fine. A baby granddaughter had arrived recently, so she and Ms. Willins, who had one about the same age, often shopped together for children's clothes. They also celebrated their birthdays, both in April, together at the office. This year, Ms. Willins stayed home.

Her friend had come to the Port Authority in 1985 as Rosa Davila. After she became a United States citizen, she told everyone she preferred to be called Niurka. They obliged, in their own way, Ms. Willins said. "We used to call her New-yorka."

MICHAEL McDONNELL

The King of Bedtime

Michael McDonnell was unflappable, always joking and fun to be around, said his wife, Cheryl, who met him when they worked together at a Roy Rogers takeout restaurant. They grew up in Brooklyn and had just moved to Middletown, N.J., and were learning the rigors of home ownership. The pump at the pool would break, or the fish in the fishpond would go belly up, and Mr. McDonnell would calmly proceed to Home Depot for instruction in the finer points of suburban life.

"He said 'I feel like I'm the E.P.A. with these test strips,' " Mrs. McDonnell said, recalling how he would test the water quality of the swimming pool and the fishpond.

Mr. McDonnell, 33, the controller at Keefe, Bruyette & Woods, usually got home at 6:30 p.m. "From the moment he walked in the door, the kids were his," Mrs. McDonnell said, referring to Kevin, 4, and Brian, 2. "He'd throw the kids on the bed, wrestle with them and play a little game called Daddy Monster, where he would crawl around on the floor and try and catch them. While I was getting dinner ready, every night he'd read the story and get them to bed, help them out in the bath. Bedtime was his."

ERWIN L. ERKER

Family Vacation Planner

Erwin L. Erker and his wife, Ann, met when she worked at a McDonald's in Queens where he had once worked. They saw the film "Halloween" on their first date. "From then on, we were together," Mrs. Erker said.

Mr. Erker, 41, a vice president at Marsh and McLennan, used to plan vacations for the family, which includes Lauren, 13, and Andrew, 10. He had a soft spot for the cabins at Kampgrounds of America. He picked campgrounds near points of interest like Salem, Mass., Luray Caverns, and Dorney Park in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Erker said, recalling the trip when Big E (his nickname, for his large personality) stole her doughnut.

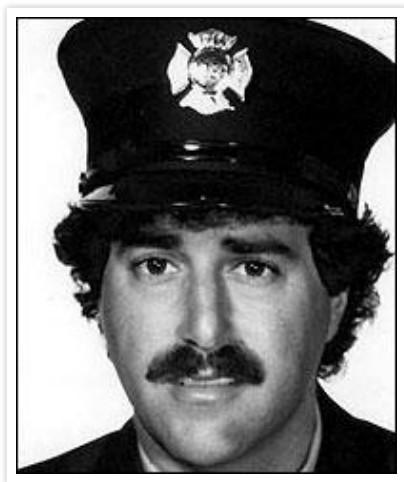
"Nobody owned up to it, but he had it," she said. "It was in his pocket. He was a sweets fanatic."

Their only bad vacation, she said, involved an uninvited mouse in a rented house when they went skiing one year. But it wasn't all bad: "We laughed all weekend."

"He always did things with the kids," she said. Lauren plays the trombone, and he liked attending her concerts and listening to her jazz festival CD. He went to Islanders games with Andrew, and they played basketball tournaments in Andrew's room, using a hoop attached to his closet door. It is still there.

National Fallen Firefighters Foundation

ROLL OF HONOR



Joseph R. Rivelli Jr.

- Firefighter
- Fire Department City of New York
- New York
- Age: 43
- Year of Death: 2001

Joseph R. Rivelli, Jr., 43, firefighter, FDNY, Ladder 25. As a child, Rivelli would make neighborhood kids pretend there was a fire, just so he could come to the rescue and put it out. As an adult, he realized his childhood dream, saving lives and extinguishing blazes with the FDNY. He had many interests outside the firehouse – building computers, training to be a pilot, and, most importantly, being a loving husband and a caring father to his two stepchildren.

Memorial Wall

The memory of your sacrifice was honored at the Kansas City 9/11 memorial stair climb. I climbed 110 stairs with a picture of you. Thank you sir. It was an honor for me to climb for you. We will never forget!

TSgt Maria Stivers, 164 Tennessee Air National Guard Memphis Fire Department.

– **Maria Stivers**

Looking forward to climbing for Michael this Saturday, September 10th in San Diego. He is a true hero and I am honored to be assigned his name. -BostonJay

– **Jason Mitchell** (<https://www.classy.org/fundraise?fcid=747420>)

The memory of your heroism was honored today at the 9/11 Green Bay, WI stair climb. It was a very emotional day reliving this day. I can't thank you enough for your ultimate sacrifice. It was an honor to climb the stairs in your memory today. We will never forget!

– **Jenelle M Vargas**

I climbed 110 stories today wearing your picture/name badge Mr. Joseph Rivelli Jr at the HSHS St. Anthony Memorial Hospital 9/11 memorial remembrance gathering. It was a very humbling experience. I am so sorry for the loss your family experienced. I was honored to climb in your memory today.

– **Michelle Barns**

Today I am representing you & your sacrifice with the 9/11 memorial climb in San Antonio, TX. Thank you for your service & We got it from here. I'll make sure you reach the top. RIP.

– **John Fisher**

I was honored this year to climb 110 stories in your memory this year in Clayton Mo.

– **Jon miller**

Today I did my first ever 9-11 Memorial Stair Climb at Lambeau Field in Green Bay, Wisconsin and I was honored to carry Joseph R. Rivelli Jr's photo with me for my climb. It was a very emotional and humbling experience. Thank you sir, for making the ultimate sacrifice trying to save so many.

– **Tracy Long**



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Joseph Rivelli

Inwood, New York

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Writer of Sweetie-Pie Notes

He was a charm king, that Joe Rivelli. Confident and comfortable in his own skin, quick with a withering quip, faster still to a fire, the first to volunteer his fists to defend his buddy Tony Portela in a Houlihan's scuffle and, for years, the kind of magnet that too many women tried in vain to stick to.

He had a restless intelligence: taught himself to build computers, started on a stockbroker's license, stayed glued to the History Channel on days off from Ladder 25 in Manhattan, was closing in on a pilot's license.

So who knew, when Firefighter Rivelli finally married at 39, that he was secretly a sentimentalist, waiting to be discovered?

Always close to his parents and three siblings, he now left sweetie-pie notes for his wife, Cheryl, under the pillow, and would call her at their home in Upper Manhattan after big fires, even at 3 a.m., just to hear her voice. Her children from a first marriage, Phylcia and Christopher, whom he introduced as his daughter and son, would find his notes in their school lunch bags. At 44, he was still Joe — still sarcastic, still blunt. Only now, he was openly grateful.

Guest Book

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What would you like to say about Joseph ?

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Joe a great guy who always went out of his way for others. I remember he coach my son in football , we show up on the field for practice and he would stop whatever he was doing and come to hi how are you?

Every week , everytime he always did that.

And I will never forget! Miss you joe.

Andrew Feldman

On this day i look at the memory bracelet i wear with you name on it. I have worn this bracelet everyday for twelve years and think of you and the sacrifice you made.You will never be forgotten.

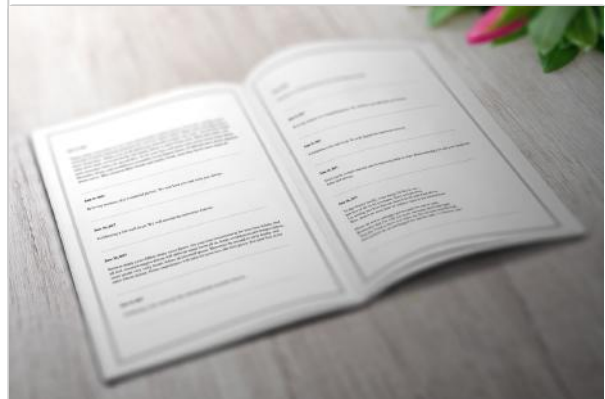
Kathy

September 11, 2013 | Phila.



Before the Race

Mr. Rivelli, I did not know you until yesterday. My husband and I rode in the 2 Million Bikers to DC rally to honor the victims of 9/11. At the rally a man came around with some stickers that had all of the names of the victims. He said the organizers were asking every rider to take one so that we could have you with us on the ride. My husband, Richard Neff, chose your name. He put it on his helmet just under and to the right of the cross. I sat behind him on our bike and saw your name...



Order a Printed Guest Book

Hold on to the memories

My son Zachary and I ran the Stephen Stiller Tunnel to Towers Run in Wake Forest, NC on 9/8/12. My son had the honor to run on behalf of Mr. Joseph Rivelli, Jr. (he received a card with Mr. Rivelli's picture and ladder # that he clipped onto his shirt while he ran). Running was a small gesture but the significance was enormous. Running for Mr. Rivelli put a face to the tragic loss on 9/11 and the wonderful heroism that took place that day. We will not forget 9/11 and we will now never...



Dearest Joey, Angel in Heaven.....Yesterday was very hard, harder than I thought it would be. You would think 10 years would dull the pain but it did not. I spent the day in prayer for your family and my dear childhood friend Vinny D'Amadeo and his family. Of course I prayed for all of the other family and loved ones of those who were lost, but you know that you were very special to me and my family. I met one of your buddies



Well what can just that I still remember the boy, at the Christmas Dinner always with a big smile. Being a cousin we had all our holidays together and they were the best times. After I moved to fla and didn't see my cousins anymore and wish I was their to know the man that he grew up to be.

Love,

Debbie (Pica) Hill

Debbie Pica Hill

I remember Joe from elementary school and was sorry to learn of his passing when I visited the WIHS web site. I thought of him regularly and will keep him in my prayers.

gerry chambers

November 06, 2011 | Pittsford, NY

FIREFIGHTER - JOSEPH RIVELLI
- LADDER 25-FDNY. I held this sign proudly for four miles in a remembrance parade on September 11, 2011 in

today, Joe Sorrentino, he was
a firefighter with you at

thinking of you joe ,, after 10
years you are still of my mind
,, please watch over your wife
cheryl she is very
heartbroken,, love you

vee rivelli

September 11, 2011 | Lawrence, NY

Portland Maine. I never met
you, but I vowed never to
forget you. You are a hero -
Thank you. I wish you and
your family peace.

SL Murphy

September 12, 2011 | Boston, MA



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EXHIBIT 4

Case 1:03-md-01570-GF









EXHIBIT 5





